THE
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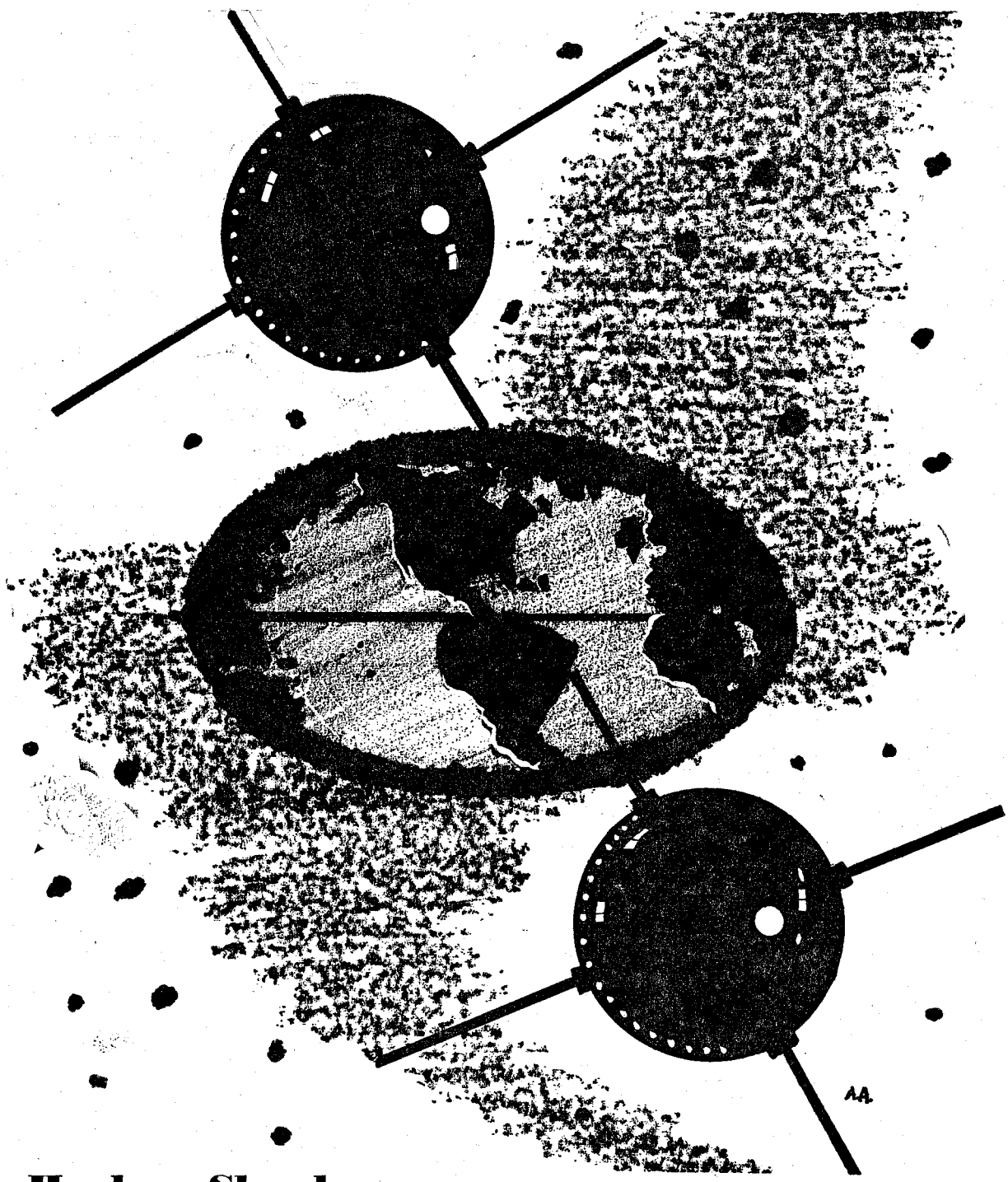

By Harlow Shapley

SATELLITE HYSTERIA

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LETTERS

Move the House

Dear Sirs: When I first spent some time in Chicago (I taught there in 1916), I had never heard the name of Frank Lloyd Wright, but I picked out the Robie House (*The Nation*, September 28) as a building of commanding interest. It undoubtedly deserves to survive. But not necessarily on its present site. Shifting buildings for their own good is a familiar process. The (defunct) Crystal Palace was moved from Kensington to Sydenham, Temple Bar from the Strand to Theobald's Park, Cheshunt. In Paris, a pretty Renaissance house was brought from Meret to the Cours la Reine, and has now departed—whither? The Hôtel de Massa and the Pavillon de Hanovre also were given new locations. European cloisters now grace the heights of the Hudson near Fort Tryon. The late Ripley might tell you that the Santa Casa went two jumps from Nazareth to its present holy ground in Loretto. I proposed that the original and impressive Rotunda of la Villette, now in ruinous condition, and utterly spoilt by the vicinity of an elevated, should be rebuilt in a more appropriate spot.

When the Robie House was built, the South Side in the vicinity of the Midway Plaisance was still almost suburban. It has changed its character, irremediably. The house is now out of place. The problem is to find its right place. It would probably be impracticable to move it as a solid whole. But it could be transported in large sections; or it could be taken to pieces with great care, and re-erected with the original materials. Or again it could be duplicated, at a lesser cost, with new materials. In all cases, we are fortunate in having Frank Lloyd Wright still with us, to supervise the rescue.

ALBERT GUERARD
Stanford University

Stanford, California

Justice Krock Again

Dear Sirs: I would like to voice a concurring opinion in the decision reached in the trial of "Mr. Justice Arthur Krock" conducted by David L. Weissman (issue of October 5). The facts are as follows: On September 10, 1957, Mr. Krock wrote a column in *The New York Times* entitled "No New Federal Powers in Intra-state Elections." In it he purports to prove that under the new Civil Rights Bill it is only in *federal* elections that the U.S. Attorney General has the power to issue injunctions to prevent interference with the voting of qualified citizens; his right "does not run to primaries, or elections to choose state, county and local officials."

To what extent is this a correct statement of the law? Let some additional facts, which Mr. Krock neglected to mention, speak for themselves. In Part IV, Section 131 of the Civil Rights Bill, Section 1971, Title 42 of the United States Code is added to the text by reference, and is as much a part of the measure as if it were formally spelled out. Section 1971, Title 42 (originally enacted on May 31, 1870) provides:

> All citizens of the United States who are otherwise qualified by law to vote at any election by the people in any State, Territory, district, county, city, parish, township, school district, municipality, or other territorial subdivision, shall be entitled and allowed to vote at all such elections, without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude; any constitution, law, custom, usage, or regulation of any State or Territory, or by or under its authority, to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is quite clear that the injunctive power of the Attorney General of the United States applies both to *federal* elections (sub-section "b" of Section 131) and to *state* and *local elections* (sub-section "a" of Section 131 incorporated by reference from the law of 1870).

A double goodbye, Mr. Krock!

WALTER E. VOLKOMER
Department of Political Science
Rutgers University

New Brunswick, N. J.

Immoral Climate

Dear Sirs: Mr. Cook's dissection of the Hiss case in your September 21 issue is a brilliant and devastating piece of work. It conveys something of the "immoral" climate in which we all seem more or less involved—a climate of tension and political nightmare.

J. R. SLOAN

Los Angeles, California

Little Rock

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that one argument is being advanced on the Little Rock situation that has no merit whatever; namely, that we must be conscious of the world's opinion on the matter of integration, and therefore must redress the wrongs of segregation so that we may regain our position in the world's eyes.

To me, the matter is one of a disregard of equal rights under a law based on common moral grounds, and also a refutation of rule by violence; for these reasons alone we should wish to end the conflict, and not for the sake of prestige.

R. W. BANKER

Endicott, New York

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Mr. Meany's Ox

Inept, shortsighted leadership has placed American labor in a highly unfavorable position to defend against the spate of anti-labor measures that will certainly be introduced once Congress is back in session. For some reason—abhorrence of corruption, a blind passion for social respectability, an itch for official approval—the general staff of the AFL-CIO has permitted itself to be booby-trapped by the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field.

First of all, as we have pointed out before, the federation agreed to impose penalties on union officials who invoked the protection of the Fifth Amendment—a betrayal of principle as well as a needless surrender of hostages. More recently, the federation failed to challenge the propriety of the committee's frenzied efforts to prevent the election of Jimmy Hoffa as president of the Teamsters Union. That the intervention was aimed at Hoffa does not minimize the danger of the precedent; tomorrow the intervention might be for an entirely different purpose or aimed at another kind of person. The federation failed to demur, much less protest, when the committee subpoenaed delegates' credentials and other documents relating to the convention which elected Hoffa, although even the New York *Mirror,* not known for its friendliness to labor, found the action a bit high-handed. Nor has the federation objected to a dangerous enlargement of the scope of the committee's inquiry. In opening the investigation in February, Senator McClellan listed seven subjects for study, all related to internal union problems. Mr. Meany promptly pledged full cooperation. But in July the committee listed three new areas of study—secondary boycotts, organizational picketing and union political action—without drawing from Mr. Meany any qualification of his earlier pledge of full cooperation.

It is important that the original and the new groups of subjects be kept separate. Internal union problems relate to the rights of members in unions; the new subjects relate to management's desire to be free from labor's economic pressure.

But even before the scope of the inquiry was enlarged, the committee's singular neglect of management was a clear warning to labor's generals that they should be on guard. Whether Mr. Meany is still unaware of the fact or not, it is his ox that is being gored.

Behind the Headlines

John O'Kearney's report on Turkey (p. 282) throws a revealing light on the latest flare-up in the Middle East. With rare exceptions, the American press has failed to note the relevance of the election scheduled to take place in Turkey on October 27 to the headlined statements issuing from Ankara and Damascus, Washington and Moscow. Nor have the press and wire services pointed up the relevance of the pipeline dispute, which has only come into full view since Mr. O'Kearney's report was written. During the Suez crisis, the Syrian Army blew up three pumping stations on the Iraq Petrolum Company's pipeline. Repairs were begun in March and the flow of oil has since been restored to about three-fifths the former rate. In the meantime, efforts were made to execute a treaty which would make possible the construction of a new pipeline bypassing Syria and terminating at the Turkish port of Iskenderun. The oil companies felt that they could not safely undertake a venture, estimated to cost $800 millions, without formal treaty guarantees against nationalization. The concurrence of Syria was particularly important, since the Bay of Iskenderun is in short range of the Syrian port of Latakia.

As might be expected, Syria has not looked with favor on the proposal and has been exerting strong diplomatic pressure to upset it. Military activity near the Turkish border is Syria's way of suggesting to the oil companies that Turkey, although a full-fledged member of the Western Alliance, might not be able to back up guarantees of an uninterrupted flow of oil. Faced with economic difficulties, the Turks were not enchanted with these efforts to block a profitable deal.

Apparently the Syrian efforts have succeeded, for the oil companies announced (October 16) that negotiations for the new pipeline have been indefinitely postponed, and the word is out that super-tankers, rather than a new pipeline, will be their main hedge against further interruptions of the pipeline across Syria. The

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failure to find either the words "pipeline" or "election" in most of the stories about the Turkish-Syrian dispute emphasizes once again the importance of interpretative analysis of the type which goes behind the charges and counter-charges of parties in interest in an effort to probe the sources of tension.

The Belligerent Red Cross

The chief business before the quadrennial International Red Cross Conference, currently in session in New Delhi, is the threat to civilians implicit in the rapid build-up of nuclear weapons. A non-political body, the conference cannot act directly to prevent war, but it can register its opposition to war *in principle* and it can try to mitigate the effects if it occurs. Certain draft proposals now before the conference seek to do both. They are the work of the twenty-five-man International Committee of the Red Cross, composed entirely of citizens of neutral Switzerland.

If the document thus produced must of necessity be neutral in the cold war, it is not neutral on the subject of mass murder:

> Everyone knows that the extensive use of certain weapons would mean extermination of whole nations and the end of civilization. . . . [Many existing rules of war] are too often forgotten, their validity questioned, on the grounds that one cannot stand in the way of scientific progress. . . . [But] reason must be the master of scientific inventions and although the law cannot disregard them, it must not merely recognize the effects they produce; it must control them.

The draft document thereupon lays down a series of rules governing war aimed at protecting non-combatants, and then comes to the heart of the matter:

> The use is prohibited of weapons whose harmful effects—resulting in particular from the dissemination of incendiary, chemical, bacteriological or other agents—could spread to an unforeseen degree. . . .

The non-political International Committee of the Red Cross has thus come up with the most explosive political issue of our time. The conference itself, of course, can make recommendations only; governments must ratify to make the recommendations legally effective. But if the Red Cross cannot itself create law, it can help to create that over-riding public opinion which, in the long run, authors all law.

A Bully of a Word

"Sputnik. . . . Overnight a fearful new word has bullied its way into our language." Thus says *Life* magazine in an advertisement for its article on "a supreme challenge" to the United States.

We recognize and sympathize with *Life's* feeling of chagrin because the Russians have scored first in outer space, but that is no reason for kicking our own language in the teeth. "Sputnik" means "earth satellite," and there is nothing fearful about that—unless, of course, all Russian words rouse your fears, in which case you should also tremble at "borsch" and "troika." And in what sense did the word "bully its way" into our language? It got in because it is a shorter word than "satellite" and therefore better fits headlines; also because it has an amusing, outboard motor sound to it. If anything, it ingratiated its way in by cuteness.

A real challenge to the United States, though we should hesitate to call it "supreme," is to determine at what level of concentration the fallout from advertising will transmute the English language into Newspeak.

The Hiss Case

No issue of recent years has drawn more mail to this office than Fred J. Cook's article on the Hiss case (September 21). The comment, we blush to acknowledge, is almost uniformly favorable; only a few critical statements have been received. But there is, we have discovered, an odd aspect to the Hiss case. The public interest remains surprisingly high, but the case itself is still encased in layers of editorial reticence and caution. The lack of interest which the press has shown in Mr. Cook's fresh assessment of the evidence is remarkable, perhaps, only in that it appears to be total; fortunately, it is not shared by the public.

Any number of readers have inquired what we intend "to do" about the case. A more relevant query would be: What does the public intend to do about it? A review of the case in the courts is most unlikely; reconsideration could only come about through Congressional inquiry or by Executive action, as by an order opening the files of the Department of Justice to the inspection of an impartial committee of inquiry. But these possibilities depend on the intensity and volume of the public's interest. A parade of governors in California refused to review Tom Mooney's endless petitions (although the governors would concede privately that there was merit in them). It was not until Culbert L. Olson was elected governor in a campaign in which he stressed the case as an issue that Mooney finally won his freedom. The Hiss case remains under submission to the court of public opinion.

Mr. Faulkner Exhausts the Future

William Faulkner, in a letter to *The New York Times* (October 13), has summarized the lesson of Little Rock. It is that "white people and Negroes do not like and trust each other, and perhaps never can."

But this, says the recluse of Oxford, Miss., is perhaps no tragedy. "Maybe it is not important for us to like and trust each other"—what is "important and necessary and urgent is that we federate together, show

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a common unified front not for dull peace and amity, but for survival as a people and a nation."

The United States, this country in which whites and Negroes cannot learn to "rub along somehow in amity," will have to stand firm "as the last people unified nationally for liberty in an inimical world which already outnumbers us." The Negro, whom we of the white majority cannot like or trust, will be expected to do his part.

Mr. Faulkner acknowledges that the hour is late; that indeed it may already be too late. But he will not despair. He thinks that, "because of the good luck of our still unspent and yet unexhausted past," we may become the rallying point for all men "no matter what color they are" who wish to dedicate themselves "to the proposition that a community of individual free men not merely must endure, but can endure."

Mr. Faulkner's letter is a melancholy spectacle—anger would be an irrelevant reaction. For the point is not that the arguments he advances are poisonous, but that they are irrational. It is mad to suppose that a free society can be maintained in a country where men must dislike and distrust one another because of the color of their skin; and it is mad to suggest that a nation can become the spearhead in a holy war because it enjoys the strength of an "unspent and unexhausted past." In his novels, Mr. Faulkner has often provoked the charge of obscurity, but there is nothing obscure about that phrase. It is clearly and explicitly meaningless, and persuasive evidence that its author more deserves our sympathy than our hostility.

The Case for Bilateral Talks

Washington

The United States has rejected direct Russo-American negotiations on disarmament. We hope this answer is not irrevocable.

It's about two months since the Soviets first hinted that the arms-limitation talks might be advantageously removed from United Nations auspices for the time being and thrown into bilateral Washington-Moscow discussions. Among the Russian diplomats who have been suggesting this is the Soviet Ambassador in West Germany, Andrei Smirnov. He raised the point informally with a senior U.S. Government representative in Europe. He would scarcely have done so without the Kremlin's approval.

On October 5, Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko had a long talk with Secretary Dulles in Washington. Both sides kept silent about the content of their dialogue. However, competent American authorities report that Gromyko referred obliquely to the subject, emphasizing what he considers the dreary prospect of continuing the dilatory debate in the five-nation U.N. disarmament subcommittee, which is empowered only to make recommendations.

The next Soviet overture came a couple of days later in the Moscow interview which Nikita Khrushchev gave to James Reston of *The New York Times*. The Soviet leader brought into the open the idea of bilateral Russo-American negotiations, although he phrased the proposal in generalities. "In the years of the Second World War," he said, "the Soviet Union and the United States fought together against the aggressors. One can ask why it is that we cannot prevent war? Now, we can and must do this. . . . We think that if the United States displays a readiness, there are no questions upon which agreement could not be reached."

Furthermore, the Russians subtly showed their hand in New York. When India presented a resolution to the U.N. Assembly a month ago, urging enlargement of the disarmament subcommittee, the Soviets withheld their support. Theretofore, India and the U.S.S.R. had acted in close harmony in the disarmament field. Now, however, Russia wants to narrow the discussions to a bilateral basis, while India prefers to widen them—clearly to gain admittance to the subcommittee.

President Eisenhower and the State Department have squelched the suggestion of exclusive American-Russian negotiations on control of "objects entering outer space"—that is, earth satellites. The official statement was so worded, however, as to imply a refusal to depart from multi-national negotiations on disarmament *generally*. The State Department announced that the London negotiations "called for a multilateral international study, and not a bilateral study between the United States and Soviet Union, and that the United States would not be disposed to consider any alteration of this aspect of the proposals."

President Eisenhower gave maximum authority to this statement by reading it aloud at his October 9 news conference.

What's behind all this?

On the one hand, there are those in Washington who sense only sinister motives in the Soviet desire for bilateral talks. They dismiss the idea as just another Russian maneuver to drive a wedge between America and its allies (indeed, the Eisenhower Administration's "No" to Russia is prompted mainly by deference to the fear of certain allies that the United States might make a deal with the Kremlin behind their backs). Another motive ascribed to Moscow is the desire to enhance Soviet prestige by the establishment of a Big Two Club. Many who hold these views are convinced that the Russians aren't interested in a disarmament agreement, anyway—an opinion which the State Department does not share.

On the other hand, there are some American senior diplomats who are sympathetic to the Soviet suggestion. But they attach an important proviso: they insist that the Americans must keep their NATO allies abreast of the proposed bilateral discussions. This

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is the procedure which Harold Stassen, the American representative, used during the last three months of this year's London disarmament subcommittee talks. Stassen consulted the other NATO powers at every step. Thus the U. S.-British-French-Canadian package offer made to Russia in August had been approved in advance by NATO.

The Russians acquiesced in this practice. They would presumably do so again in the altered circumstances of Washington-Moscow conversations. The United States could give its allies a promise that it would sign no disarmament accord with Russia without NATO's prior knowledge and consent.

Those Americans who favor direct talks with Moscow on this greatest of all issues have anticipated another objection, namely, that removal of the discussions from the U.N. might undermine the world organization's authority. They would dispel such uneasiness by a clear understanding that at a given stage the Americans and Russians shall render to the U.N. an account of their conversations.

We believe the Eisenhower Administration is assuming a grave responsibility in refusing to give bilateral talks with Moscow a try. On at least three occasions in recent history, momentous gains were scored precisely by this approach:

1. The end of Russia's menacing blockade of Berlin in 1948-9 was initiated on February 15, 1949, in a chat in the lounge at Lake Success between U.S. delegate Philip Jessup and Soviet delegate Jacob Malik.

2. On June 23, 1951, a radio speech by Malik in New York conveyed the suggestion that the war in Korea might be settled. This led to informal U.S.-Soviet talks which were followed by the opening of truce discussions on July 10, 1951, and the ultimate signing of the armistice on July 27, 1953.

3. When, on December 8, 1953, President Eisenhower first proposed the establishment of an International Atomic Energy Agency, the Russians trained a jet of cold water on the idea. There followed talks *à deux* between Dulles and the then Soviet Foreign Minister, Vyacheslav Molotov, on the sidelines of the Big Four conference in Berlin in January-February, 1954. In July, 1955, the American and Soviet leaders privately reviewed the plan—again in a twosome—during the Summit Conference in Geneva. Meanwhile, the Soviet Ambassador in Washington and the American Ambassador in Moscow pursued the subject with the opposite foreign ministries. As a result, the Russians dropped their objections. The agency was founded and held its first meeting this month in Vienna.

On each of these three occasions, it was direct U.S.-Soviet talks which led to highly important agreements. It seems to us that the United States, which ardently wants peace and arms limitations, can lose nothing and can perhaps thaw the frozen disarmament negotiations by putting to the test the Russian desire for bilateral talks.

MOONSTRUCK U.S.A.

1. SATELLITE HYSTERIA . . *by Harlow Shapley*

THE BEEP-BEEP of Sputnik came through the radio receivers of the world as no surprise to those who have been following the announced satellite plans here and abroad. On several occasions in the past year or two, the writer predicted, in casual fashion, that the Russian satellite would be the first to be launched. Others must have done the same. There were obvious reasons for this easy prophecy: the well-publicized prestige-contest between the major branches of the United States armed services; the plans for equipping our satellites with scientific instruments that had to be specially designed; and our announced plan to send up a series of trial satellites before we made the serious effort to launch useful and enduring moons later this winter.

There were, however, two elements of surprise to most Americans in the Soviet achievement. The first was the reported size and weight of Sputnik; second, the psychological effect the launching seems to have had on world chancelleries. This effect has probably been over-emphasized in press and radio; in any case, it is likely to be decreased by our own rocket and satellite accomplishments of the next few months.

Quite to be expected, of course, was the rather joyous way in which opportunistic politicians used the Soviet success to stimulate suspicion and anxiety in the mass-communications media. For a day or two after the launching on October 4, headlines and statements carried the congratulations of official and unofficial America—expressions of some envy and amazement, to be sure, but also conveying a real feeling of sportsmanship. Then came the hints of spies,

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HARLOW SHAPLEY, the distinguished American astronomer, was director of the Harvard Observatory from 1921-1952. He has served as president of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (1939-1944) and as president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (1947).

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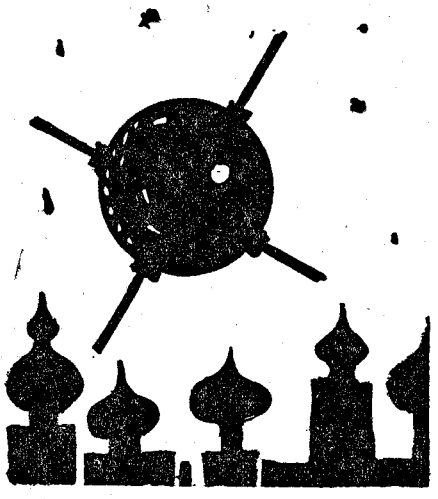
secret codes at work, the imputations of evil intent. It is rather depressing that the significance of an advance in technology so important to all of us should be so needlessly distorted. Sputnik is now no more Russian than the atmosphere is considered American because of the Wright brothers, or evolution British because of Charles Darwin. The new moonlet passes through the zeniths of every capital of the world, and currently, in fact, it is probably more serviceable to American scientists than to the Russians themselves.

THE better to maintain our balance on this issue, it may be useful to emphasize some of the scientific implications of Sputnik and its kind, and to recall other scientific triumphs that were not bound to nationalism and not used to build up anxiety complexes.

First, two clarifications. One is that the launching of Sputnik, the complete success of which at first try may have surprised the launchers as well as others, is a triumph not of science but of engineering and technology. All the basic science necessary for this operation has long been known. The nature of the upper atmosphere, the laws of atmospheric friction, the gravitational controls are all described in the textbooks of physics and meteorology. An eminent American rocket scientist (imported, by the way, from Europe) said some years ago that with five billion dollars he could put a terrestial missile on the moon in three years. Engineers of all countries recognize that we have here merely a tough technical job. And it follows that any government which respected its scientific technicians and put a plush budget at their disposal, could have done what has been done. The second interpolation is that notwithstanding the spectacular nature of the moon production, there have been many more significant scientific advances in recent years. Some of them will be mentioned in what follows.

Radio and TV have made the word *ionosphere* familiar in most American homes. Put technically, the ionosphere is a series of layers in the earth's atmosphere, designated D, E and F, in which the dominant molecules of oxygen and nitrogen are ionized (electrified) by radiation, chiefly from the sun. The degree of this ionization varies at different atmospheric levels and some of the layers vary in effectiveness with the time of day and with the fluctuating activities on the sun's hot gaseous surface. We have been investigating the ionosphere for many years in connection with the study of radio-wave transmission and reflection. One center for such studies is at the National Bureau of Standards at Boulder, Colorado; substations are in Virginia, Alaska and elsewhere. The bureau currently supervises and coordinates the ionospheric work in more than forty countries.



Persistent and intense study of the ionosphere is included among the problems of the International Geophysical Year, that admirable world-wide operation which involves the closely coordinated work of the scientists of some sixty nations in a dozen scientific fields.

The throwing of Sputnik into an orbit around the earth is obviously a very welcome contribution to this mass attack on the nature, and variations, of the ionosphere. The beep-beeps and the later continuous buzzing of the moonlet originate far beyond the D and E ionospheric layers and must transit as best they can the regions that are most significant in terrestial radio transmission. For several weeks or months before our own satellites are aloft, we shall now have the opportunity of accumulating valuable observations. On the basis of what we learn from this trial run, we can improve, if necessary, our instrumentation and be better equipped to make use of those satellites, to be launched by the United States and the Soviet Union, which will carry not simply a beep-beeper, but instruments that will report on cosmic rays, the ultra-violet spectrum of the sun, the frequency of interplanetary meteors, the inner structure of the earth and the like. When Sputnik and subsequent moonlets spiral back into the denser atmosphere and disintegrate, we shall enlarge our knowledge of the density gradients in the earth's atmosphere—a matter of which we already know much from the study of shooting stars, from sampling by rockets and balloons, and from theory.

A SCORE of scientific and technical events, equaling in importance to mankind the launching of space ships, could be recounted, some of which had immediate effects on man and his problems, and others which only gradually came to be recognized as revolutionary in their implications. Near the top of this list I would put hybrid corn, which has provided better food and more of it for millions of men, cows and pigs. This was an American invention, but it now belongs to and serves the whole world. Even more significant of course, in a social sense, is the fission and fusion of the atom—discoveries which both serve and threaten everyone. The continuity of our civilization, its growth or decay, depends on our use of energy-releasing atoms. This revelation has been of relatively slow accomplishment. Little did we realize, when in 1905 Einstein threw into our intellectual orbits the short equation connecting ergs, grams and the velocity of light, that science had altered the destiny of human culture. The Sputniks do not approach in significance this Swiss-German contribution to the world's practical knowledge.

Atomic energy and artificial moons are international both in present ownership and in discovery. Einstein built on the work of Italian, German and Russian scholars;

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Japanese, Danish, Italian, German, American, English and Russian scientists were all involved in the technical birth and infant care of the transmuted atoms; the Soviet satellite engineers had available the detailed plans of our own unlaunched MOUSE satellite, the blueprints of which were appropriately published in popular and technical magazines.

Indeed, most great scientific advances are international in origin. Dr. Shull, in hybridizing corn, had before him the work on genetics by Mendel and hundreds of subsequent experimenters. Consider also the international growth and human worth of the chemical industries initiated by Wöhler's synthesis of urea in 1828; the independent solution of the Einstein field equations of gravitation by the Belgian Lemaître, the Russian Friedmann and the Princetonian Robertson, from which we deduce the expanding universe; and the assault by Russian, English and American scientists on the mystery of the origin of life—an international investigation that may change the bases of both philosophy and religion.

All these are among the thoughts and acts of men for Man. They have ignored national boundaries. They make it rather absurd to care deeply whether the first artificial moon went aloft from Northern Russia or Southern Florida. Once it is on the way, it can best be tagged as the first of many rich fruits of the now running International Geophysical Year.

2. RUDE AWAKENING: a British View . . . by Patrick O'Donovan

AMERICANS believe that they can do anything, if once they set their hearts and hands to it. There is nothing they believe in more strongly. It is upon this conviction that they display frequent and unconvincing private apologies to the effect that they are a young country, a little inexperienced, maybe, in policy and negotiation.

The American faith in the omnicompetence and pre-eminence of their skills and capacities lies closer to the surface and is more consciously felt even than the Englishman's firm faith in his own inherited superiority in the arts of government. It is this faith which has been affronted by the Russian satellite achievement and which is now crying out with a steady growth of urgency and hunger for reassurance.

At first it seemed that the Americans would take it easily enough. Some were almost pleased in that special place where they keep their science fiction. One firm rechristened its line of space helmets as Sputnik Hats. A disc jockey occupied a whole hour with tunes that revolved round the moon.

But gradually it became evident that the satellite was a major achievement whose implications stirred up the sediment of the stale post-war fears and insecurity, which all but proved a Russian superiority in a line of development on which the survival of the American Union and the prevention of war had been based, and which proved beyond any doubt that America had a peer and a rival where once she had considered herself alone.

The President, who combines within his person most of the ideal and actual qualities that Americans instinctively recognize as typically American, speaking to and for the average American, at first congratulated the Russians. He suggested that the American satellite program was of a different kind from the Russian one and that it could have been hastened only to the detriment of scientific goals and military progress. He carefully denied that the American program was connected with defense developments and denied that there was any reason for increased concern over the security of the nation.

London Observer

"On the other hand, I cannot foresee the time when our people will be able to travel to a planet like, say, China."

It was a curiously uncertain, even fumbling, apologia. So far from reassuring people, it seemed indirectly to have put into words the deepest popular fears.

Nor have the promises that the Americans, too, will have their satellite, gilded for good measure and spinning for democracy round the world by the end of the year, made much difference. The central inescapable pain remains and grows. And as strongly as any electorate can feel something that does not directly affect them, the Americans now feel and resent what they sense is a diminution in their status.

It is not that the Americans are a particularly arrogant people. The thing came as a shocking and shaking surprise. There have been plenty of journalists, scientists and even politicians who have warned that the Russians were catching up and were even superior in some lines of research. It was the sort of warning that you often agreed with, yet seldom believed. The idea that a totalitarian state, bending its efforts to a major research project, could outstrip the efforts of a rich democracy seemed in the end impossible to entertain.

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But it has happened; and from it must spring a multitude of changes, a surprising number of which will be all to the good. Americans will never again enjoy quite the same sort of complacency, nor for a long time allow themselves quite the same sort of luxurious defense politics, nor for a very long time disrespect their international opponents quite so wholeheartedly. Without greatly exaggerating, it could prove to be their own bloodless Dunkirk—because they seem of a mind to make it so.

The immediate results are obvious. There has been a profound and still swelling rumble of discontent from Congressmen presently scattered all over the country. Demands for special sessions, special investigations, for emergency action on the part of the Administration that is going to have to bear a burden of blame that should properly be shared with the Congress. The Northern Democrats suspect that they have been handed an issue that may cancel out the shame of Little Rock.

But it is more than that. There have been demands that the President and the new Secretary of Defense, Neil McElroy, take personal charge of everything connected with rockets. There is a general expectation and wish, even by the penny-wise, that the defense spending ceiling of $275 billion a year set by the President should prove meaningless. There is a new preoccupation with the necessity of basic research. There is a new impatience with the shrill inter-service rivalries here that — to foreigners — occasionally seem to come to the brink of a treason at once high-minded and petty.

And already the paring down of the military rocket-testing program, which had been dictated by the Administration's need to prove itself Yankee-respectful of cash, has been dismissed in a minor press conference. But it is more even than that. The scientific achievement, topped with Mr. Khrushchev's sudden access of confidence, his Turkish vulgarity, his Foreign Minister's aggression in the United Nations, has driven home the trauma.

Two main results are likely. First, the Americans are now in a mood to reconsider their rejection of their own intellectuals. Originality, specialism and pure research no longer appear both dangerous and a little ridiculous. And secondly, it is obvious that their latent absolutism in foreign affairs is more than they can afford.

More than anything else, it is the thin persistent ghost of Joe McCarthy that is being blamed by serious men. Americans are newly conscious of having driven out men like Oppenheimer and his now nameless colleagues and of having mutilated themselves in the process. Their foreign policy is likely to be based on the necessity of living with, rather than beating, the Russians. The political protestants in America all but welcome what has happened.

Newly geared and directed, and with their unnecessary myths weakened, the Americans can cope with this threat. It could lead to an arms race, but in this country a political and a spiritual change is more likely.

The Puerto Rican Story

Next week *The Nation* will print the first of a three-part series of articles on Puerto Rico by staff contributor Dan Wakefield, who has just returned from a visit to the island Commonwealth. The articles will cover (1) the Puerto Rico labor scene; (2) the colony of Cuban and Dominican revolutionaries; (3) the Puerto Rican migration to the U.S. mainland.

Mr. Wakefield has spent a good part of the last year in research on Puerto Rico, and on the huge Puerto Rican colony in New York, in preparation for a book he is now writing.

TRIAL BY HEADLINE . . *by Decca M. Treuhaft*

San Francisco

Our fathers claimed, by obvious madness moved
Man's innocent until his guilt is proved.
They would have known, had they not been confused,
He's innocent until he is accused.

OGDEN NASH, *You Can't Get There From Here.*

IN VARYING type sizes, San Francisco's four daily newspapers for July 25 and 26 carried identical headlines: "'THAT'S HIM!'"

"Girl Victim Identifies 'Fang' Suspect," continued the *News* (July 25). A picture of the person thus identified bore the caption: "Baring his teeth in response to a reporter's half-whimsical suggestion, John Rexinger shows his buck teeth that made him a suspect in the 'Fang' case."

Thus the news was broken that, after five days of intensive police search, one John Alvin Rexinger had been identified by the victim as the culprit in the latest sensational sex crime.

From the time the crime was committed on July 20 to the final dénouement, the case was seldom off the front pages, and the heat was on the police department to produce the attacker.

Briefly, the facts as related by the victims were these: At about 10:30 p.m. of a Saturday night, a pretty young nurse and her escort, James Lonergan, were approached by a stranger as they stopped their car in Golden Gate Park. At knife's point, the stranger bound Lonergan with cord and gagged him with adhesive tape, manacled the girl with leg irons, cut off her hair with a pair of scissors, burned her with a cigarette, raped her twice and, before leaving, pricked her and Mr. Lonergan with his knife. To top all, he stole Mr. Lonergan's wrist watch.

DECCA MITFORD TREUHAFT is a San Francisco free-lance writer.

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On July 23, the San Francisco *News* reported that, according to the victim, the assailant had "canine teeth, which protruded fang-like over his lower lip. They were more than twice normal size. . . ." Thus arose the descriptive and alliterative nickname, "FANG FIEND," first used by the *News*.

The rest of the published description of the assailant was unexceptional, although it was to have some bearing on later developments: a white man, twenty to twenty-five years old, 5′ 9″ tall, 150 to 160 lbs., dark complexion, big nose, light horn-rimmed glasses.

The young girl's identification of Rexinger drove most other news off the front pages. First reports variously described him as "insular, suspicious and withdrawn" (*Chronicle*), "evasive" (*News*), a "schizoid personality with an incipient hysterical psychosis" *(Examiner)*, "querulous" *(Call-Bulletin)*.

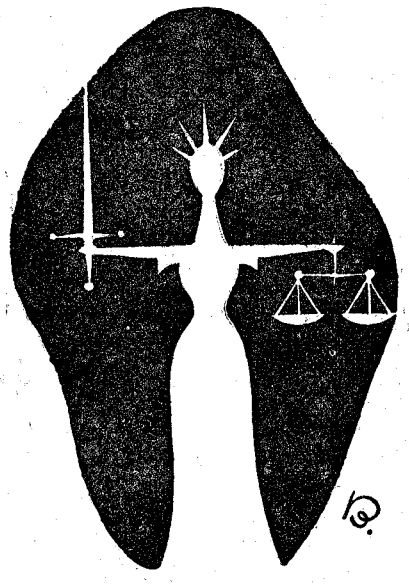
TO San Francisco newspaper readers, this treatment of a suspect in a notorious crime revived uneasy memories of another recent big sensation—the arrest, trial and subsequent execution of Burton W. Abbott for the kidnap-murder of a Berkeley schoolgirl (see The Jury Said Death, by Gene Marine, *The Nation*, May 19, 1956). Newspaper handling of the Abbott case had resulted in a flood of protest in the letters columns, some of which posed the question: Was it possible for Abbott to have received a fair trial, in view of the unending flood of adverse publicity he had received both during the trial and for months beforehand?

Was the fountain of justice now being poisoned for Rexinger?

The newspapers themselves were quick to notice the parallel between the two cases. Under the headline, "REXINGER TALE RECALLS THAT OF ABBOTT," the *News*, on July 26, drew attention to the physical resemblance between the two men, printing pictures of both taken in identical poses. Rexinger's very protestations of innocence became sinisterly Abbott-like:

> "I hope someone saw me. I sure hope so. Because I didn't do it. . . ."
>
> To newsmen his words sounded strangely like those spoken a year ago by Burton W. Abbott . . . and his cry of "frame-up" is the same as that put forth by Abbott and his attorneys. . . .

The same afternoon the *Call-Bulletin* featured an exclusive interview in which the suspect expressed fear he might "become another Abbott." The morning papers quickly followed suit: ". . . Like Abbott, he was calm and detached in expressing himself" *(Examiner)*, "Rexinger's appearance and mien have been compared to that of Abbott" *(Chronicle)*.



In the days that followed, news coverage of the case might be compared with the rising strains of a huge orchestra, swelling from crescendo to crescendo.

THUS, the *News*, *Examiner* and *Chronicle* built up Rexinger in headlines as having a "police record of sex crimes." The *Chronicle* noted "three sex crimes on his police record." The *Examiner* reported "Parolee Served Time in Quentin for Assault." Only those who read to the end of the news stories learned that the sole jail sentence served by Rexinger had been for forgery, and that the only sex offense for which he had ever been convicted (and for which he was given probation) was that of *statutory* rape, at the age of seventeen.

Under California law, statutory rape is an act of intercourse with a girl under eighteen years old, with her consent. By definition it does not imply violence, and is not an assault. Probation is granted when authorities deem the offense to be technical in nature, and in the absence of aggravating circumstances.

"Queer" and "sinister" aspects of Rexinger's personality received major attention. An *Examiner* interviewer asked, "What about girls he had dated? Would any of them come to his aid now? For a few minutes he became tense, almost agitated. 'I don't want to drag any girl into this case'. . . ."

Rexinger's living quarters were reported to be "amazingly clean, and without the usual small items a man would have around." In this instance, apparently, cleanliness was next to devilishness. Everything the suspect said was turned against him. His repeated declarations of innocence, his efforts to establish an alibi, even his expressed desire to take a lie-detector test, earned him the label in newspapers of "con-wise." His protestations that he in no way fitted the published description of the assailant—he was too short (5′ 6″), had straight teeth and a pale complexion—got scant notice.

The real "personality angle" to the case developed after police invited reporters to listen to some taped recordings which figured in Rexinger's alibi. Rexinger, an extension student at the University of California, claimed he was at home making the recordings, consisting of poetry and philosophical essays, at the time the crime was committed.

The *News* voiced the opinion that the "philosophical discourse made it clear that [Rexinger] considers himself above the law. . . ."; as proof, it quoted from Rexinger's essay: " 'The only law is the law of self respect. Observe that.' " Going one better, the *Examiner* headlined: "Rexinger's Poetic Rambling Indicates He's Sexual Psychopath, Inspector Says." *The Examiner* story continued:

> . . . [The recording] turned out to be a one-hour pot pourri of poetry by Kahlil Gibran, author of "The Prophet"; various works by Rexinger himself . . . and an Anarchistic

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essay in which the ex-convict suspect said "it is half-witted living when we allow our way to be blocked by some silly inhibition."

This last effort generated far more interest among police than anything else. It said in part: "If a thing is worth desiring, planning for, and reaching out for, why is it denied us because of some small voice in our traitorous inhibited character or consciousness? . . . . Let [a man] fail to live up to his own due respect and he will earn the destruction or injury which will surely come to him. . . ."

Inspector Frank Gibeau, while conceding he was no literary critic, said yesterday the "alibi" tape recording made by John A. Rexinger "clearly indicates he is a sexual psychopath and sadist." And he said he believed Rexinger, whose voice rose to a vibrating emotional pitch toward the end of the tape, may have become so excited while recording that he left home and immediately set out for "trouble."

But a contrasting estimate of the poems was also reported. A University of California extension-course instructor had jotted on the margin of a typed copy of one of the poems: "Excellent and beautiful. Technical control and emotional restraint make this a real poem. You have real ability. Keep writing!"

The *Chronicle* reported that police were certain they had spotted a significant Freudian slip in one of Rexinger's "strange" taped stories. The central character in the story was a man named Cabot, and after the story had rambled on for a while, Rexinger mispronounced the name, "Abbott."

Police were quoted as saying Rexinger should be in jail for the poems alone! Most papers devoted an entire page to the poems and to sundry "psychiatric" interpretations thereof. But few of the newsmen bothered to remind their readers that only a few days before Rexinger's poems were made public, Walter Stone, Chief of the State Division of Adult Paroles, had said that frequent and intensive psychiatric examination of Rexinger had revealed "some personality problems, but no evidence whatsoever of any sadistic drive. It just wasn't there. . . ." (*Chronicle*, July 27).

Police, eager to share literary criticism with the press, were less generous with information on their progress in cracking Rexinger's alibi. They did report that Rexinger had admitted lying in accounting for part of that night. His statement that he had been alone in his room had been contradicted by an ex-convict who said he was with him before 8 p.m. and after 1 a.m.

Actually, at this point the police had a very thin case. No physical evidence linked Rexinger to the crime: no manacles, no adhesive tape, no wrist watch. Police criminologists, subjecting Rexinger's clothing and sweepings from his room to microscopic examination, had turned up nothing.

True, a knife had been found in Rexinger's room, which "officers inferred belonged to Rexinger and . . . was the one used in Golden Gate Park" *(Chronicle)*. True, the failure to find any scissors in his room was "considered significant" by police, who commented "they may have been thrown away" (*Examiner*). True, a quantity of Venetian-blind cord "of the type that was used to bind the victim" turned up in the basement of Rexinger's rooming house, and among his effects were "a crumpled pair of suntan pants and a tan sports shirt with what could be blood on the collar. . . ." Meager though they were, these clues got front-page treatment.

IN THE absence of more impressive copy from police sources, at least two newsmen turned detective and sought to dig up evidence themselves. Ed Montgomery of the *Examiner* found a bit of Venetian-blind cord, with some hair adhering to it, in a flower bed near where Rexinger parked his car. The color of the hair was "similar to that of the girl," wrote Montgomery. But once again, the observant reader could detect a dissonant theme—one pointing to Rexinger's innocence. For at the end of his story, Montgomery was constrained to write: "The cord was considered to be of secondary importance, since the landlord at Rexinger's rooming house is in the Venetian-blind business."

From time to time the dissonant theme would crop up in unobtrusively placed paragraphs. "The D.A.'s office indicated the possibility that the inquiry might be running into a wall by saying 'we are not prepared to take the case to the Grand Jury at this time'" *(Examiner,* July 31); "Inspectors still had no physical evidence to link Rexinger with the attack and preliminary reports from the Oakland crime laboratory showed 'only possibilities, nothing obvious'" *(Chronicle,* July 29).

Only once did an authoritative voice, bluntly expressing dissatisfaction with the turn of events, take precedence in headlines over the "chase" aspects of the case. Public Defender Abraham Dresow was prominently featured in all August 1 newspapers as saying, after an interview with Rexinger, "The police are holding the wrong guy."

HOWEVER, a new development swiftly banished Dresow's statement from the front pages. The second of the *Examiner* sleuths, Larry Cahn, had been working on a store-by-store check, looking for the person who had sold the manacles used to chain the victim's legs. On August 3, the *Examiner* reported success: "Mrs. Jenelle St. James, former war-surplus store clerk, positively identified John Rexinger as the man to whom she sold a set of manacles about two months ago." She was quoted as saying, "I am sure that he is the man."

This was, by any standards, new evidence of real importance. A second positive eyewitness identification had now been added to that of the victim's. Chief of Inspectors Daniel McKlem was prominently quoted in all papers as being "firmly convinced Rexinger is the man."

Just a week earlier, Mrs. St. James had told the *Examiner* she had seen Rexinger in the store but "was unable to recall whether he had bought the manacles." What could have happened in the intervening time to refresh her recollection? The disturbing question was never answered. For within hours on that busy Saturday, an *Examiner* extra hit the streets with the headline: "NEW SUSPECT ADMITS TOR-

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TURE; REXINGER ELIMINATED."

By afternoon the whole story was out.

Three days earlier, two narcotics agents, following a routine tip, had picked up Melvin Bakkerud, a drug addict and former asylum inmate, on suspicion of peddling drugs. The arrest had not even merited one line in any newspaper. But search of his room had turned up, among other things, a gold wrist watch with distinctive markings. A police inspector "remembered reading in the *Chronicle*" Lonergan's description of the stolen watch, which checked with the one found in Bakkerud's room.

Confronted with the watch, Bakkerud readily confessed to the assault in Golden Gate Park. He led police to the hidden "torture kit," containing tape, cord, scissors, knife. Within ten minutes, the police criminologist found microscopic evidence that fibers taken from Bakkerud's belongings matched those from the victims' clothing.

And the manacles? Bakkerud had stolen them from the glove compartment of a San Francisco police car on the night of the crime. Apparently the theft had never been noticed or reported, much less linked with the assault.

A badly shaken press and police department set about picking up the pieces—and assigning the blame. "San Francisco police had worked up a case strong enough to send an innocent man to San Quentin for life," said the *Chronicle;* "The cops were out for a conviction more than they were out for the truth," said Public Defender Dresow *(Examiner);* "I never said positively that I was sure he was the one," said the victim *(Examiner);* "The description furnished by the victim was way off," said the *Chronicle* (with justice: the victims had described their assailant as 5′ 9″; Bakkerud turned out to be barely 5′ tall).

"Above all, Rexinger lied," editorialized the *News.* "Had it not been for his falsehoods, police would never have been able to build up a case against him."

Only the *News* had any comment to make on the newspapers' own role in the case. Editorially, it extolled the "spotlight of public interest which said in effect, 'you must be certain; you must prove your case'. . . . Our kind of society demands facts. Spurred on by public interest, police produced the facts —and cleared him."

In a subsequent television program, *News* editor Albert Colgrove explained newspaper use of the word "FANG"; he said that it made for easier headline treatment than "SUSPECT" because it contains fewer letters. Questioned about the relationship between crime news and circulation, Mr. Colgrove cited the fact that the day of Abbott's execution had been the second biggest circulation day of San Francisco's newspaper history, exceeded only by the day of the recent earthquake.

He added that, in the absence of crime news, there would be many fewer newspaper readers, and thus many would be denied the opportunity to read about such worthy activities as those of San Francisco's current United Crusade, the annual local charity drive.

Meanwhile, Bakkerud is back in an institution, and Rexinger is suing the city of San Francisco for $75,000 for false arrest.

TURKEY: Elections and Crisis . . *by John O'Kearney*

Istanbul

THE CURRENT flare-up of tension along the Turko-Syrian frontier cannot be divorced from certain Turkish internal problems—and the fact that, on October 27, the Turks will hold elections on the broad issues of national housekeeping and personal freedom.

The Democratic Party regime of Premier Adnan Menderes is held answerable by the three opposition parties for runaway inflation caused by maladministration of the country's economy, and is further accused of being a rubber-stamp government, utterly servile to the dictatorship of Menderes in return for the profits of corruption. The opposition demands economic reform, the restoration of constitutional liberties, an effective guarantee of an independent judiciary and revision of the electoral laws to give the people proportional representation. (See NATO's Shaky Bastion, by Geoffrey Lewis, *The Nation,* January 28, 1956.)

There are no foreign-policy issues. No matter what the outcome of the election, Turkey stands committed to the West against the East; but if the Menderes regime is set back, almost surely there will be a slow and gradual shift towards co-existence with the Soviet Union. The reason would not be pro-communism, but a realization among the young Turks leading the fight against Menderes that Turkey can neither create nor afford to keep a war establishment strong enough, even assuming no end to American aid, to safeguard Turkish territory in the event of a new World War.

The Democratic Party was formed in 1947 and came to power in 1950 in the first election contested by a second party since the founding of the Republic in 1922. Its victory was applauded as evidence that Turkey's transition from an autocratic, theocratic monarchy to a Western-type democracy was steady and sure. The inauguration of the new regime roughly coincided with the outbreak of the Korean War, to which Turkey quickly contributed a brigade. Washington was pleased. Menderes was asked by American generals what equipment he needed. None, he said; Turkey would equip her own men. This was as calculated

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an answer as anyone could have given. From that moment Turkey was Washington's darling, becoming more endeared as her picked troops proved their valor (only to be overrated later on, as even Turks admit, by the fulsome praise of visiting Congressmen). This opened the way to greater American aid, vast sums to be spent as Menderes pleased. The Premier was already naturally prepared to play the dictator. He is nearing sixty, while the Republic itself is only thirty-five years old; thus, he is closer to the autocratic traditions of the Sultanate than to the democratic mentality of the young men who today oppose him. All authority now rests in him. It is said that even the plans for reshaping Istanbul are known to no one but himself.

THE CHIEF opposition party is the Republican People's Party (R.P.P.) founded by Mustafa Kemal—surnamed Atatürk, "Father of the Turks," who died in 1938—and led by former President Ismet Inönü. The R.P.P. had been in power continuously until it was turned out by the Democrats in 1950. The second opposition group is the right-wing National Party, reconstituted in 1954 from conservative elements then seeking to restore the Islamic monarchy which had fallen victim to World War I. The third is the Freedom Party, formed in 1955 by nineteen dissident Democratic members of the Grand National Assembly, who broke with the Menderes regime over its dictatorial methods and its repression of all criticism of economic policies. This group is young, intellectual, gaining strength.

When the Menderes government decided to take advantage of a good harvest and full-bellied peasantry to call an early autumn election, instead of waiting for the life of parliament to run out in the spring, when larders may be bare, the three opposition parties met in Istanbul to form an "election front." This move was led by the Republicans, frustrated because the election laws gave them only thirty-one seats out of 546 in the last parliament, although they got 40 per cent of the total vote in 1954. The plan was for all

Drawing by Berger

Premier Menderes

three parties to back a single candidate in each of the constituencies. But the government defeated this scheme in the last hours before dissolution of the Assembly on September 11 by ramming through a law which requires separate election lists.

Menderes has seen to it that he has all the advantages. His laws make it a crime to publish or utter any criticism tending to bring the government or any of its members into disrepute. At least fifteen journalists have been imprisoned under this law. Osman Bölükbasi, an astronomer and president of the National Party, has been held in jail without trial since July 1 for calling a slavish Democratic deputy a "lackey of the tyrant" (Menderes) during an Assembly debate. Kasin Gülek, American-educated lawyer and secretary-general of the R.P.P., has been in court 132 times for offenses of criticism. Other critics have been banished to military areas along the Black Sea or have served as much as a year at hard labor. Economists have been dismissed from the universities for teachings contrary to government practices. In all this there is almost no hope of justice, since Menderes controls the judiciary under a law which permits him to dismiss without cause any judge who has served the state for twenty-five years. This puts every judge of the higher courts in peril. Every newspaper is equally in peril because its supplies of ink and newsprint can be obtained only on application to the government every fortnight.

Despite the handicaps, which include the government's refusal to give opposition candidates time-for-time on the state radio, the collective opposition is hopeful of gaining in the new elections a minority sufficiently strong to be "effectively obstructive." There is an outside chance that it may do far better.

HOPE rests in the unpredictable peasant, who constitutes about 80 per cent of the electorate. Menderes has been wooing the farm vote since last spring, when he increased the government-controlled price to be paid for wheat this autumn from 30 piasters (about 6c) a kilo to 40 piasters (about 8c), an increase subsequently applied to other agricultural products. The farmer now has more ready cash than he has ever had in his life; but the cost of living has gone up for everybody. The peasant vote unseated the R.P.P. in 1950 because the Democrats came up with a fresh program that seemed dynamic at a time when the country felt in need of a change of housekeepers. This time the peasant vote may unseat the Democrats because of a shortage of nails and horseshoes; because the price of hay this year is eight to twelve times what it was in 1950; because tractors cannot function without the replacement parts the government is unable to get without foreign exchange.

"In 1950 everyone thought the villages would re-elect the Republicans. Now they are saying just the opposite—that the farmer is Democratic, the city people Republican. Only the farmer really knows how he'll vote; and he isn't talking." He is not talking for much the same reason that the opposition politician hesitates to talk to a foreign journalist without a clear assurance that he will not be quoted by name, without first checking round the hotel lobby or up and down the street to see who may be standing by. The politician could find himself in jail for criticism attributable to him; the farmer could find his application for machine parts rejected, or his bank credit cut. The parties have their apostles everywhere, but the peasant merely listens to them and

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says nothing. His voice is in his secret ballot.

Nor does the urban vote seem to be much more susceptible of forecast: the votes of the housewife, the worker, the intellectual. Campaign oratory is cheap, but coffee isn't—and coffee is close to being the life's blood of the land. It cost £T6.25 a kilo in 1954, but is now difficult to obtain even at the going rate of £T16.75, and sells for £T85 on the black market (the £T is fixed at 2.8 to the dollar, but the free rate is 17 to the dollar). Government calculations show that food costs have risen 78 per cent since 1950, but newspaper surveys in Ankara and Istanbul put the increase somewhere between 120 and 150 per cent. Houses and flats that last year sold for £T250,000 are now going for £T500,000, and Menderes is tearing down scores of nearly new residential buildings to make way for the face-lifting of Istanbul, without first having provided substitute housing. For the most part, wages remain as they were five years ago. A Turk told me:

"The fault lies in irresponsible planlessness. There is neither direction nor supervision. All decisions come from Menderes, all expenditures as if he were doling them out of his personal treasure. If he runs short of money, he prints it. Capital investments, with little capital backing, have been made for political expediency alone. Sugar factories have been built where there are no sugar beets, cement factories far from raw materials and in excess of our capacity to exploit them. Credits of the Agriculture Bank have been extended to people who have nothing to do with agriculture, or to people who own small tracts of land that in the bank's first view were not acceptable as collateral. Many are known to have got sums ten to twenty times the value of their land."

INDUSTRIAL and agricultural developments have been impressive since the Menderes government came to power, much of it made possible by the more than $700,000,000 in American aid since 1949 (exclusive of military aid, which would bring the total to well over $1,200,000,000). "But far too much of this money has gone into projects that are beyond our capacity to use or our ability to run. Only United States aid is filling the hole dug by folly. Two tankers have been standing off in Istanbul harbor for days, waiting for someone to get up the hard currency to pay for their cargoes. Where have all the dollars gone? I can't even buy a refill for my American ballpoint."

This condition has come about through the importation of capital goods for which Turkey was initially able to pay in dollars obtained from Washington, but the imports in themselves created needs for further imports for which the economy has been drained of foreign exchange. Simultaneously, the projects that were intended to better the Turkish way of life were draining off the raw materials needed for consumer goods. Inflation flared: there were £T882,000,000 in banknotes in circulation in 1950; there are now £T2,800,000,000; and fewer things for their holders to buy. The last year the budget was in real balance was 1951; it has since been kept in apparent balance by an exaggeration of estimated revenues. The situation was already acute three years ago, when the government asked for an extra $300,000,000 from Washington to meet foreign and domestic commitments. Menderes was sure of getting it; but that was a moment when the United States was more fearful of a threat of international communism in the Far East than in the Middle East, so the plea was turned down with a reminder that Menderes had failed to carry out the house-tidying recommendations made by an American economic mission in 1951.

"In spite of the ills and evils the general political picture is not dismal. We have almost no political freedom left; it's a dark moment, but it will pass. Economically, however, we are in for a bad time. We are facing Churchillian austerity. If government data are correct, we would need about $500,000,000 this minute to cover investments being financed by deficit. The alternative is suspension of construction on very many projects, and a heavy capital loss." So many Turks told me. Turks are quick to say that American aid has helped to revolutionize production and transportation; but they find that Washington is a monster with two minds, on the one side making political and military demands as the price of assistance, and on the other pretending that it has too much respect for the sovereignty of nations to interfere in the use to which the aid is put. "Many people wouldn't be half so rich if we had never had American aid; but many more people would be far better off. Its misuse was the spur to inflation, and the smell of dollars has made greed lively and corruption fat. Even richest America, for all the corruption she herself tolerates, could not let herself go to the limits we have gone."

MONEY for this mad living, this way of life that has made many millionaires, must be found to avoid inevitable retrenchment for yet another little while. Efforts to get a large loan from Moscow have failed, though it is said the Russians would agree to put money into some small projects of their own choice. Both the West German Government and Herr Krupp have agreed to put up 250,000,000 marks apiece to develop Turkish steel and arms production. But that is not enough. Now Turkey is trying to bring alive the spectre of threat from Russian-armed Syria, for whatever effect this might have in Washington, or in London, where sterling credits are being sought for "strategically important" investments.

"We have been living off the threat of international communism because we have seemed to be of strategic importance to the West. But was there ever really a threat? Or did we ever contribute anything that would have met one if there were? If so, are we really strategically important any more? Menderes unquestionably knows we are not important; for he is intelligent, if not intellectual. Can it be that John Foster Dulles is alone? Is he not aware that in an age of atomic missiles Turkey, unable to produce atomic weapons or even jet bombers, must learn to live within her means —and at peace with her neighbors?"

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Plain Man of Letters

PRELIMINARY ESSAYS. By John Wain. St. Martin's Press. 196 pp. $3.25.

Richard Hoggart

THIS FIRST volume of critical essays by John Wain attracts attention, to begin with, because it exemplifies so well the tone of voice of a particular generation, of that much-misrepresented new movement in British writing in the fifties. Almost any one of Wain's openings will serve to illustrate this characteristic voice. The first essay, on restoration comedy and its modern critics, begins:

> The comment one finds oneself making on most Restoration plays is not so much literary-critical as sociological. I know, of course, that this is true of most minor literature; the only sane reason for ploughing through the mass of hacked-out Elizabethan plays or third-rate Victorian novels . . .

One could hardly mistake the tone for that of the "mandarin"; nor is it Bloomsbury, nor B.B.C. It is direct, relaxed, idiomatic, conversationally unbuttoned and strenuously ungenteel. It has an outright, dust-laying quality which seems to recur at intervals in our discursive prose—Samuel Butler did some excellent work with it at the turn of the century—when the climate requires it.

At times the manner is aggressively plain-man, rather self-consciously blowing the gaff on academic and social humbug. Criticism has its discipline of effective expression and, in throwing out the mandarin, we should not assume that every colloquial cliché is worth a place:

> The third subject, religion, seems to me (Dylan) Thomas's worst pitch; he never succeeds in making me feel that he is doing more than thumbing a lift from it.

Yet one hesitates to level this criticism, precisely because complaints like it have been voiced rather too often recently, sometimes with a waspishness which suggests that their authors are inspired more than they know by the tough tentacular roots of English class-attitudes. The opponents usually define the manner too narrowly, as the rudeness of a group of working-class and lower-middle-class emigrants who, through our well-tooled educational system, have arrived as professional—though dissident — intellectuals. Certainly, several of these younger writers are provincial dons; John Wain was himself for eight years an assistant professor in English at Reading University, before becoming a free-lance. It is true that they have many interconnections. But I doubt that they form a close group, even as close—say—as the New Writing group in the thirties. They are a generation, reacting to a common experience in ways understandably similar. They are responding to an important change in the British air, to the centralized, Welfare State, secondary power, socially fluid Britain of the fifties. The fifties are not as dramatic as the thirties and banners are harder to find. Nor do these writers wish to take on the appearance of the intellectual and managing middle-class. They particularly enjoy making satiric attacks on The Establishment—*The Times*, the B.B.C. Board of Governors, the British Council, the senior Civil Service. Some of these attacks have been callow, but a good case can be made for a revival of satire, of comedy of manners, in British literature today.

Writers of this kind have so caught the ear of the serious reading public lately as to provoke the wry comment that they are already a new Establishment. Of them all, John Wain is the most frequent, fluent and varied publicist. His two novels do not display the imaginative power of Iris Murdoch's or the comic sense of Kingsley Amis', but they are interesting contributions in the new picaresque mode. His "New Academic" poems are sometimes wittily effective, though he cheerfully waives his claims to a leading place as a poet of his kind in favor of Philip Larkin. His criticism is not as promisingly searching as that of Donald Davie, but is more widely engaged, often ranges outside the somewhat restricted field of specific "lit. crit."

THIS collection of essays strengthens one's hunch that just there—in the range of his intelligent hospitality—may be John Wain's real strength. He seems most likely, of any in his generation, to become that valuable and now rare person, the general man of letters. He is immensely hard-working and almost always extremely competent. He has read very widely and is clearly setting himself steadily to widen his range all the time (as in the essay on Four Victorian Poets in this volume). Though he undertakes an impressive amount of occasional reviewing for the intellectual magazines and newspapers, he seems to like to set aside time at intervals to spread himself on more scholarly critical essays (as in the essay on Restoration Drama and the review-essay on Wordsworth here).

More important, John Wain can exhibit what we like to think is a typically British strength in critical appreciation—a generous, high good sense which is not afraid of bold, comprehensive statement. Thus, in his patchily excellent essay on Arnold Bennett, he questions F. R. Leavis' view that Bennett was "never disturbed enough by life to come anywhere near greatness":

> His melancholy was not the reaction of the man who is "undisturbed" by life, but of one who is, if anything, frozen into it by a semi-paralytic suffering, of which the obverse is his frequently jarring jauntiness. But the irritating cocksure note is never permitted to enter . . . his major novels.

Above all, Wain is concerned with the general health of literature in

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his own time; with the situation of writers in Britain today, the forms most relevant to them, the "usable past" for them, the sort of audience they may properly expect; in fact, with the whole business of creative and critical pressures and possibilities. His early essay on the virtues of William Empson's poetry—which helped to confirm the swing away from the New Romanticism of the forties—illustrates how good a sense of the time's needs he can have. His adverse judgment on Auden's emigration to the United States, on the other hand, shows that his actively contemporary sense can sometimes lead him astray.

WAIN is a challenging and courageous critic, as the revaluation of Arnold Bennett, who usually slips through the fine mesh of New Critical techniques, amply indicates. "Criticism thrives on the clash of opinions," he says in his preface, and accordingly his essays tend to proceed in a series of questions, addressed to a reader he seeks intelligently to convince rather than to dazzle or browbeat or coax. Wain is helping consistently to clarify our cultural situation, for others as much as for himself; and he is trying, whilst avoiding belles-lettrism, to keep open the wide and flexible hospitality of the more intelligent literary journalism.

One has to add that at present he shows some serious shortcomings. His bold generalizations are sometimes too quickly arrived at, are a little glib or over-bright. Sometimes the unpretentious, unsentimental common sense hides a failure to explore a problem to the point at which subtle and uncommon sense should take over. So the claim—which has already been made—that Wain may prove to be "the British Edmund Wilson" seems at least premature. But Wain is still in his early thirties and there is certainly high promise in a voice which so often carries a wide, intelligent and perceptive integrity.

Medicine as Experience

FOR FUTURE DOCTORS. By Alan Gregg. The University of Chicago Press. 165 pp. $3.50.

Carl Dreher

IF ONE did not know who Dr. Alan Gregg was (as I did not) one would expect little from the humdrum title and the promise on the jacket: "A book rich in wisdom and inspiration for doctors, medical students, and friends of the medical profession." Every elderly physician has much to write about but he seldom knows how to write it, and ersatz inspiration already stinks up the publishing industry. To make the auguries still more hopeless, five essays in this collection of eleven were originally speeches delivered at commencement exercises. But the auguries are wrong; this is an exciting book.

Gregg was connected with the Rockefeller Foundation for thirty-seven years and retired as a vice president in 1956. He died in June, 1957. His influence on medicine was enormous, yet he practiced for only a year, with the Harvard Medical Unit attached to the British Army in World War I. Nor was he a great research physician like, for instance, his fellow-alumnus Walter B. Cannon. Nor did Gregg teach. As Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall points out in a succinct preface, Gregg excelled as a professional philanthropic investigator because he was an *aficionado* of research and could recognize outstanding technological investigators early in the game. He placed his bets accordingly and a high percentage paid off. Among the more spectacular achievements for which he was indirectly responsible were the first use of sulfanilamide in human medicine, some early applications of antibiotics, the establishment of psychiatry on the same level of respectability as other specialties and the Kinsey studies on sex.

For Future Doctors, however, contains scarcely a word about the nearly four decades of granting and withholding the sinews of medical education and research. For the same reason that Gregg could not accept honorary degrees, he could not write about his professional experiences. Foundation work involves the probing of so many private and institutional lesions that, Gregg felt, the writing of a frank memoir would violate professional confidence.

But quite aside from his great talent as a philanthropist, Gregg was a brilliant essayist, and few readers could fail to profit by the chapter on "Language and the Practice of Medicine" and the companion piece, "On the Reading of Medical Literature." That applies to everything in the volume: medicine was Gregg's milieu and his starting point for the depiction of experience, but his writing embraced all the irony and pathos of life.

In "Our Anabasis," an after-dinner speech before the Association of American Physicians in 1954, Gregg recalled his and his listeners' first day in the dissecting room, and connected it with H. L. Mencken's observation that love involves the inhibition of disgust. If Mencken overstressed the point in relation to the living, it is certainly valid in relation to the unembalmed dead. But Gregg points out that anatomy as the gateway to medicine is something of a test of the beginner's enthusiasm and sincerity. "No modern profession," he goes on, "seems to require at entrance an experience so close to the initiatory rites of primitive tribes in point of mystery and strain." In a preceding essay his own successes and failures as an intern suddenly propelled into a position of responsibility by an accident to his chief make wonderful and sometimes harrowing reading.

ALL HIS life Gregg was conscious of the chasm between acquiring the M.D. degree and becoming a real doctor. At the 1946 graduation exercises of Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and School of Dental and Oral Surgery he selected as his theme "the defects of knowing that you have received a first-rate professional education." He then discussed with biting amiability the complacency, ingratitude and provincialism of graduates of the best medical schools. "Granted," he said, "that the metropolitan variety of provincialism is more urbane, more adroit, more sophisticated, than that in the sticks. But it is also more inveterate, cocksure and colossal." Provincialism,

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he suggested, "increases in geometrical progression when it is both medical, metropolitan and American." The graduates must have filed out in a thoughtful mood. So must another group to whom Gregg remarked that honors and degrees carry the "general odor of receipted bills, certificates of past performances or rewards or honorable scars or epitaphs."

It would be unfair to read political implications into some of the things Gregg said, but if he was no rebel, neither was he awestruck by persons or institutions. As a young man he pointed out to the American Medical Association the invidious connotations of the caduceus, one of whose properties was to turn whatever it touched into gold. He was brushed off with "the august information that on such and such a date the two snakes and the winged staff of Mercury had been approved by the House of Delegates." And surely nothing is more appropriate to our times than Gregg's quotation from Paul Valéry: "You must live as you think; if not, sooner or later you'll end by thinking as you have lived." Our well-fed soldiers of the Cold War might also ponder Gregg's suggestion that "immense homogeneity breeds immense assuredness and the more so when nearly every source of information finds profit in flattering us Americans till we are infinitely remote to self-reproach."

There is not a single piece of phony moralizing or hortatory tripe in a book which, by theme and orientation, could have fallen into that pit on every page. Gregg says that "many an apposite and useful speech fits only the time and the place and never lives thereafter." It is not so with him. Even those who will know him only through this one book will have trouble thinking of him as dead. Of course, not all of him is.

Notes on Philosophy

DOMINANT THEMES OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY. By George Boas. The Roland Press Company. 660 pp. $6.75.

GEORGE BOAS has written one of the most interesting general histories of modern philosophy in recent years. Unlike many that are geared to the expected upsurge in college population, this is geared to what Professor Boas is interested in—which accounts in large measure for its success. He starts from the Renaissance, with a glance backward to mediæval thinkers, and ends up with contemporary existentialism. There is a wide treatment of secondary figures, so that the giants move along in a whole company rather than stand as lone stars in an otherwise dark night. And the author has related philosophy to cultural trends with considerable insight. The writing is forthright, with an easy clarity that does not sacrifice depth.

THE IMAGE. By Kenneth E. Boulding. The University of Michigan Press. 175 pp. $3.75.

Influenced by contemporary communication theory, Professor Boulding concentrates on a man's *image* of his world, not so much to explain its rise as to witness its modes of responding and altering under the impact of "messages" constantly coming to it. Considerable materials from the social sciences are recast in this "eiconic" vein, with all sorts of suggestive insights. Professor Boulding hopes that the central role played by a man's picture of what is going on will provide a fruitful unifying perspective. As he handles it, it does yield a fresh relation by which to light up old knowledge, and possibly to make some new discoveries. But it has the disadvantage that too many things tend to be said in a limited psychological-type language which may hem in the concepts in further research. For example, when he gets to history he has to talk of "latent processes" to take care of what is going on in the outer world that affects man; and men may come to be seen as shut up in their own images, with "surprise," "disappointment" and "feedback" replacing a firm hold on reality.

THIS IS MY PHILOSOPHY. Edited by Whit Burnett. Harper & Brothers. 378 pp. $4.95.

The author has compiled expressions, sometimes on the whole philosophy of life, sometimes random reflections on a selected theme, from twenty contemporary thinkers — philosophers, scholars, scientists, religious figures, literary men. Russell leads off with the question, "Will we survive?" At the end, Radhakrishnan pleads for a more inward and more universal religion. In between we find everything from reasoned statements and reflections on specific experience to occasional rhapsodies and affirmations of the power of love. Lewis Mumford sets a goal of vital balance, Aldous Huxley worries about popula-

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tion, war and erosion, Madariaga presses for liberalism, Trevelyan sees uniformity as a danger, while others — Oppenheimer, for example — are more impressed by the diversity, complexity and richness of life and thought today. Where papers were not written directly for this book, there are well-chosen selections from other writings — Niebuhr, Sartre, Maritain, Schweitzer and others. Collectively, the essays express humility and apprehension. While there are no sharp divergences — the participants could get together on a common program — the underlying outlooks are diverse. Weight falls on personal expressions rather than on proposals for the reconstruction of the social order.

THE IDEA OF WAR AND PEACE IN CONTEMPORARY PHILOSOPHY. By Irving Louis Horowitz. Paine-Whitman. 224 pp. $4.50. Introduction by Roy Wood Sellars.

If philosophy has any bearing on social problems, it must have something to say on war and peace. So reasoning, Mr. Horowitz went and looked, causing us to wonder why no one thought of doing it so comprehensively before. The result is a careful scholarly study, highly readable, full of many specific insights, dealing with the views of figures as varied as Whitehead and Tolstoy, Maritain and Dewey, Lenin and Ralph Barton Perry and half a dozen others. He has not culled passages, but written integrated essays in which each man's whole philosophy is looked at framed, as it were, in the problem, and its assumptions about man, social processes and basic values critically appraised. Mr. Horowitz's emphasis is on fashioning an integrated philosophy of peace to secure the widest cooperation of varying perspectives. Professor Sellars' introductory essay has interesting reflections on philosophical developments in the study of social life, particularly with reference to the growth of American thought.

ABRAHAM EDEL

LETTER from CANADA

Lincoln Kirstein

TO RETURN to Stratford, Ontario, after a lapse of seasons is a rare satisfaction: tangible evidence that dreams come true. If the creation from scratch in less than five years—in a remote provincial town whose only promise was the magic of its name—of an international festival presenting classic drama, opera, popular and symphonic music, books and the plastic arts was possible, then anything is possible. That it has been done with such brilliance is a miracle reviving everyone who works in the theatre as an institution rather than as speculation.

Just as the big tent was the first, most striking impression of the initial seasons, so now is the permanent house which rose in ten short months to take its place. It embodies much that was characteristic of the tent—lightness, a projection of stylized intimacy, even a friendly rawness, which the completion of the building may temper. Now, exposed concrete, bare brick and raw edges seem clean as a new gym. A large balcony has been added, promenades are ample, stairways wide. Backstage is the envy of the world: half the entire huge space devoted to services, with the best-arranged dressing-rooms in America and place enough left over for a whole other experimental theatre. There are so many seats (filled 98 per cent this summer) that a comparatively short season with two lavish productions plus many ancillary art and musical events is self-supporting.

But a tent is by nature an experimental, an uncommitted device; it serves the immediate occasion and need not incorporate the balance or flexibility required of an enduringly useful, permanent structure. The new theatre has a doctrinaire design. Robertson Davies, its architect, says:

> It is quite unlike a Greek Theatre, and although its stage has some kinship with that of an Elizabethan theatre, the rest of the structure is far more considerate of the audience. . . . It contains no reminders of the theatres of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which were designed for a proscenium stage and an aristocratic—latterly a plutocratic—society.

Here is the tone of Lowland Scots Calvinism. Mr. Davies errs in his history. The great theatres of the European capitals constructed after the French Revolution were rarely court-theatres, but rather houses serving municipalities. Covent Garden, La Scala, the Châtelet, Barcelona, Rome are all popular theatres. And Mr. Davies may be proved wrong in his puritanical philosophy of construction. The new theatre in Stratford cannot accommodate any repertory later than Shakespeare (including Molière, Congreve, Shaw) according to the original intention of the scripts; since it has no orchestra pit, neither opera nor dance-spectacle can be mounted there. It is committed to one limited aspect of open staging. Hence it is in essence a director's, rather than an actor's or even an audience's theatre. Wherever you sit, half the audience and at least a quarter of a range of unwavering yellow lamps face you. The actors must compete with a tapestry of spectators' heads and the lights set above the balcony. And it is a pity that the orientation of the whole building was not reversed so that the open-air promenade above the lobby would have given on the charming Avon rather than on a grim old schoolhouse.

THIS single-purpose auditorium reflects the fact that it is Tyrone Guthrie's house—indeed, his shrine. His votive bust dominates the promenade, his eagle's beak exactly like a griffin on one of those vases which were the prizes of the original Panathenaic dramatic festivals. The tabernacle of his temple is the small grove of columns backed by double stairs and topped by a small triangular balcony, which dominated the stage of the tent-theatre. It is now set in concrete, a sacred relic, but it seems to have shrunk with the addition of the great mezzanine; its proportions are diminutive in the roofed hall. Before, it looked bigger in scale than the actors; now they seem to perform against a doll's house. However ingeniously handled from play to play, the insistence of this permanent structure always refers to Guthrie's historic priority.

Combining important features from the Greek, Elizabethan and twentieth century German stages, and even the Vieux Colombier of Copeau, this standing set was calculated five years ago to start a new tradition in a new country, where most people had never seen Shakespeare centrally staged (or staged at all), and were not aware of the innovations of Craig, Reinhardt or the Russians during the first half of our century. Guthrie synthesized them all in his free and opulent approach, which was perfect for a province in its initial period. Now the theatre is petrified in this image and, while even reinforced-concrete can be broken up, it remains to be seen if subsequent directors will be grateful to Guthrie's ghost.

Guthrie, however, was still present in the flesh this season just past, and his

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farewell production left the festival a model for emulation. There are few complete productions which from the first gun (at Stratford they fire a 12 pounder and follow it with "God Save the Queen") give one the breathless sense of a master's relaxed yet intractable over-all concept. *Twelfth Night* as mounted by Guthrie was certainly one of the most splendid Shakespearean shows ever seen in America. Set in the epoch of Charles I, most marvelously dressed by Tanya Moseiwitsch in a delicate fusion of Anthony van Dyck and Frans Hals, there was a honey-flow of irritable oddity and placid insanity, every so often electrified by small tragic shocks or brief bursts of murderous melodrama. Advancing the time to a generation after Elizabeth gave Shakespeare's whimsy a prophetic edge. At the end, when Malvolio, all but driven literally mad by facile nonsense shouts: *I'll be revenged on you all,* the threat for the first time seemed to make Shakespeare's gimlet sense. Malvolio's puritan revenge was quite simply Cromwell's rebellion. The preposterous court would have their heads cut off.

And the performance was filled with details of characterization and expert acting like rose-diamonds set in a Fabergé frame. Luxurious caprice, an atmosphere of effete, suffocating silliness made the players pose like idiot orchids in a carnival conservatory. Christopher Plummer's Sir Andrew Aguecheek all but stole the show. Wigged as a moth-eaten Prince Rupert spaniel; debauched, exhausted, a prize-dog with almost (but not quite) all the brains bred out of him, the crowning disaster of an ancient line of wastrels—Plummer invented a great foolish character, as touching as Don Quixote. Siobhan McKenna's Viola had an ingratiating sweet lightness and candid grace, with the enormous advantage, for about the first time in Shakespearean history, of being provided with an identical twin, so that the double-switch of sister and brother elicited a whole series of genuine double-takes by the audience. Bruno Gerussi's Clown, with his lovely voice and fine head, strained a trace towards feyness, but the whole troupe was so fine that everyone shared Guthrie's triumph.

SO much could not be said of *Hamlet*, directed by Michael Langham, the English director, whose functions now combine those of Tom Patterson, the initiator of the festival, and Tyrone Guthrie, its first artistic director.

Hamlet can be a play about many things, but however variously imagined

Urban Moral

My eyes, barbarian, innocent,
Are helpless. Towers and flanking trees
Rise as a simple incident
With which bright smoke in sun suspended,
Sleek boulevards, thick factories,
The crowd, my coat, my hands are blent—
One plane of shades and lucencies.

Trapped by a surface like the child
That lifts a portrait from the wall
And looks behind it with a wild
Wish that the spirit be extended,
I spin with terror's harsh recoil,
Curse, and assert myself exiled—
City, forgive this animal.

For when at other times I've run
To the impartial earth, and there
Watched it at work—beneath the sun
Inwardly self-destroyed, self-mended—
And listened well, what have I found?
Not this nor that; till having grown
Quiet and quieter, I returned,

Relearned the near detail, the play
Of stone and steel, of silk and leather
Bulging with motive. I shall stay,
Knowing the noise begun and ended
In stubborn shapes that calmly weather.
Tentative, ignorant, the way
The soul and body hold together.

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it cannot be staged without a vividly posited background of the *Establishment,* the rotten domestic court of Denmark. Unless the State is in present danger, the Dynasty threatened, exterior enemies combining with traitors at home, then the Prince has no scope for his agony of ratiocination. If the Establishment is not depicted there is no hazard, hence no irony; the Ghost turns into the Sorcerer from *Swan Lake,* the Players become a gypsy-divertissement, Rosencranz and Guildenstern a sister-act and Fortinbras a supernumerary. Langham's unfocused production seemed to be only about one thing: somehow getting through *Hamlet* on a central stage. And that it scarcely managed. During the play-scene, the King and Queen had to be separated, their mutuality destroyed; the public did not know where to look since so much was always going on somewhere else; as a coup de grace, a gorgeous salmon-orange velours carpet was thrown over the whole playing-area, dazzling the action out of existence. Plummer's Hamlet had his beautiful voice and decent gravity, but the performance was tainted by so much self-pity that the audience had no room to feel sorry for him. The great performance in this *Hamlet* was Frances Hyland's incomparable Ophelia, surely the most beautiful personally, the most alive and consistently touching within memory. It is good news that New York will soon see her, and some time surely in Shakespeare. She is an actress of the first order.

THE FUTURE of Ontario is a fascinating speculation. The heroic period identified with Tyrone Guthrie is gone —crowned by a permanent theatre and a permanent institution. Michael Langham has inherited what Tom Patterson, the inventor, dreamed of, insisted on, fought for, well nigh bled and died to make a fact. Once established, an institution tends to become the property of custodians. Administrators, having been presented with a property, are sometimes overawed by the might and dignity of a success which has not been, after all, entirely due to them. It all seems too good to be true. They doubt the vision that made the miracle happen in the first place; it all seems logical enough now that it has happened. The best thing to do is bank it. But art cannot be administered like trust funds, and the sure way to theatrical ruin is conservatism.

It would be impossible to have more success than Ontario enjoyed this summer, financially, as well as artistically. Directors from the United States flocked up to hunt for actors and bagged their fill, which is our luck. Naturally the Dominion, in spite of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation programs, the fine work of the Canadian Players, the adventurous Crest Theatre in Toronto and Le Theatre de Nouveau Monde in Montreal, does not have the scope of Broadway plus Hollywood plus the television networks. It will be more than a simple problem of patriotic loyalty to hold actors the year around for one summer season. To be sure, England, Ireland and Australia continue to contribute excellent actors to Ontario, but it begins to seem as if Stratford might become a way station. It will need the combination of moral suasion, personal magic, elastic statesmanship and the pioneer spirit, exemplified in the loose but very fruitful partnership of Tyrone Guthrie and Tom Patterson, to ensure a next five years as fine as the last five. Tom Patterson is now called a consultant. It would be sad if, having made Stratford the Athens of Canada, having given Canada a cultural focus and physiognomy, he were served by the festival as the Athenians once served Aristides the Just.

Two Moons

In Norway is a sombre lake,
Which, on a certain night,
A huge moon, hanging very low,
Rendered serene and bright.
Then still and dark the mountains round,
Then air, and beck, and tree,
All paused: the water's midnight smile,
Her moonlight smile, to see.

There was no calm in nature when
A Manx moon, far away,
On the astonished uplands made
A parody of day.
She practiced dawn; her every beam
Made light of cloudy dread,
And into dark convictions sent
A shining doubt ahead.

There seems one night, that two
Unbalanced rivals share;
But one alone subdued the heart
And was remembered, where
A stranger by an alien lake
Remembered home; when on
The foreign midnight, for love's sake,
An absent image shone.

SHEILA CREGEEN

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

"DRAMATIC READINGS," if not exactly fashionable, have now become frequent. In addition to the O'Casey autobiography, we have Samuel Beckett's one-hour radio play, *All Must Fall,* Monday evenings at the Carnegie Hall Playhouse and Emlyn Williams as "soloist" in *A Boy Growing Up,* mostly narrative passages from Dylan Thomas' assorted memoirs.

Characteristic of these occasions is their almost uniform excellence, Williams' performance achieving brilliance; Susan Steele is very good too in the Beckett piece. I should note in passing that it appears easier to read than to act well—proof once again of how wrong people are who believe that acting is recitation. This does not mean that the above-mentioned readers are not good actors; I simply wish to make the distinction.

These readings are a pleasure because they serve superbly written material—folksy and strong, humorous and touching. O'Casey is immensely virile, Thomas imaginative, Beckett saturnine.

I AM glad the Phoenix Theatre chose Schiller's *Mary Stuart* to open its new season. The classics of the German romantic theatre *(Mary Stuart* was written in 1800) are almost unknown on our stage. That this theatre contains intellectually substantial and eminently actable material is made evident by the present production.

Schiller's play—like most of his dramatic work—is social and political in a universal sense; it has not lost its pertinence for contemporary audiences. It deals with the struggle between reasons of state and reasons of the heart, the contradictions between political expedience and personal conscience. The characters ring true and the thought is valid.

The play's strength is proof against its production. Most of the reviewers and many others declare themselves impressed by the production—which makes me assume that our audiences often hear better than they see, or rather that they cannot coordinate their seeing with their hearing. For while Mary Stuart, feminine, fragile, trusting and vulnerable is played by Irene Worth whose outstanding quality is power, Elizabeth, tough, suspicious, at all times allowing her calculating brain

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to overrule the humaneness of her spirit, is played by Eva LeGallienne, whose virtue is a delicate sensibility.

True, both actresses—and particularly Miss Le Gallienne—attempt to characterize beyond their personal attributes, but in the end each gives the impression of playing the other's part. Elizabeth, distressed at one point by the torment of not being able to follow her individual impulse because she is a ruler, cries out "If I could only be a woman." But Miss Le Gallienne not only acts throughout like a quivering woman (except for her walk, which is somewhat boyish) but every inch unimperious. Irene Worth, on the other hand, seems capable of shouting down and pulverizing the entire English court as represented by most of the softies who play that entourage on the Phoenix stage. Since the company is composed of better than capable actors and I found only William Hutt entirely convincing, the weakness of the production must be ascribed to miscasting; and casting is a function of direction. The director in this case is Tyrone Guthrie, one of the finest directors of the English-speaking stage. The theatre is a tricky place.

IT MAY be a flaw in *The Egghead* (Barrymore) that its central character is more bonehead than egghead. If all his silliness—he is a "blind" liberal, blustering and crammed with small bigotries, credulous to the point of stupidity—were slanted a little differently we might have had a comedy, but the play is a melodrama.

Molly Kazan, who wrote the play, realizes some of the humor of the situation and thus humanizes the proceedings so that the melodrama and the earnestness of her effort do not become oppressive. She is intelligent and workmanlike in her writing and the plot (the duping of a college professor by one of his former students, a Negro of humble birth who has become a professional Communist) is conducted with proper dramatic logic.

The play moreover is well acted by an excellent cast—Karl Malden, Eduard Franz, Lloyd Richards are particularly good—and ably directed by Hume Cronyn.

There is no reason, in short, why *The Egghead* should not be a success. What it says is entirely acceptable: that liberals are often fuddy-duddies whose tolerance is a species of indulgence, that Communists often harden into a gangster-like imperviousness to decency, that all this often comes from an idealism insufficiently nourished by contact with reality and that all this error, no matter what the justification of its source, is dangerous.

That the play is not "art" is no great matter. But the play is weakened as entertainment and misfires as propaganda because no one can disagree with its conclusions—there is no boldness here—and no one single element of the play—purpose, plot, language or characterizations—is fresh or striking enough to astonish or arouse us in some way which would make for exciting theatre.

THE OPPOSITE is true of *Romanoff and Juliet* (Playmouth) which has its dull stretches, hardly any plot and some satire of Americans that only a slightly-retarded English audience could find funny. Yet it has a number of delightful moments because Peter Ustinov as actor and writer (in his case, the writing is organic with the acting) has a genuine flair for comic improvisation, and because what he is saying in his play, for all its old-time showbooth innocence, is civilized. For we are all exhausted by the diplomatic chicanery of the great powers—particularly the English who know that whoever "wins" they shall lose—and Ustinov's play is a kind of humorously fanciful sigh, a fairy-tale wish for a world of inefficient peace and quiet, foolish love and laughter. The play is a puff of escapism—and that too is quite real.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IF THE opening-night production of Puccini's *Turandot* was any indication, the New York City Opera Company has well recovered from the financial-aesthetic crisis that forced cancellation of its season last spring. The house was sold out, the audience almost hysterical in its approbation, and the performance merited the enthusiasm. Julius Rudel, the company's new general director, had the City Center orchestra sounding more powerful and cleanly rehearsed than I have ever heard it. His principals sang splendidly; choruses were secure; and the stage picture, at least in the second and third acts, was fanciful and attractive.

Turandot, that strange mixture of opera love-story, Oriental fairy tale and Commedia dell' Arte, provides every opportunity for stylistic confusion. Prince Calaf, as a lover and as a tenor, stays pretty well within Italian operatic tradition. Turandot, the princess of Cathay, posing three riddles to her suitors and chopping off their heads when they fail the answers, is an import from the Arabian nights, but still credible enough within the plot's simple configurations. But Ping, Pang and Pong, stock Commedia characters, pose a problem. Forever flitting in tandem and in trio about the stage, shuffling and bowing like "Chinamen," they are needed to fill in the plot and, at the same time, are set outside it as a three-man buffoonery team. Fine singing and acting can provide the stylization to overcome this awkwardness, but I found neither of the tenors, David Williams nor Paul Huddleston, remotely acceptable in his role. With only one of three, John Reardon, really carrying his weight (in a splendidly handled baritone) Ping, Pang and Pong became dreadful bores. Loren Driscoll, another tenor who was making his City Center debut, also sounded rather weak and shaky, but his position at the back of the stage and off toward the flies may have contributed to this effect.

Giuseppe Gismondo, the Prince, who was making his first appearance in the United States, is an unusually lucky find for the company. He is handsome, he carries himself easily on stage, and he sings in a voice that is not only big and bright, but securely produced. The young Italian stopped the show on several occasions, and only Mr. Rudel's persistent conducting eventually quieted the applause and shouting. Soprano Adele Addison, too, received prolonged cheers after every aria. She is blessed with a remarkably silky and flexible voice; on this occasion, through sheer musicianship, she achieved an intensity of communication that lifted pathetic, self-sacrificing Liu to a higher plane than I would have thought possible. My only regret, throughout the evening, was that Puccini had given her no more to sing.

And last, I come to Frances Yeend as Turandot—her voice outsang the best on stage. In the *tuttis,* when even Mr. Gismondo was working to make himself heard, Miss Yeend's soprano flashed above the brasses, strings and winds. In softer, solo passages, the clarion quality receded, but the voice retained its body and its consistent edge of authority. What she lacked in natural, sensuous appeal, Miss Yeend made up for by ebullient energy and technical control.

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Turandot, we are told, was the most ravishing princess in the East. Hearing her sing, the legend was—well, *almost* believable.

THE AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY, in another noteworthy opening, gave a first New York performance, at Town Hall, of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*. In this production, the Italian mezzo, Giulietta Simionata, made her New York debut as Jane Seymour; a young American soprano named Gloria Davy sang Anne Boleyn. Kenneth Smith was Henry VIII; David Smith was Lord Rochefort; Richard Cassilly was Lord Richard Percy.

Donizetti has his admirers; I am not among them but I can understand their feelings. His music seems a historical curiosity, and yet, in that frame of reference, it has its points. For one, it is melodious, in an expressively thin but fluent Italian manner. Within his rather meager and conventionalized style, the composer forever keeps an alert ear pricked for the tiny deflections of melodic line, the nuances, that can enliven a frank formula with some breath of freshness. For me, listening to this music is like tiptoeing over a path of too-widely-spaced stones; it is a gingerly process. But along the way there is often a pretty surprise. The next stone was *not* too far to reach. The tiptoer may totter; he does not necessarily fall. And when he does take a tumble, it is more likely into a morass of boredom than one of outraged taste.

The American Opera Society, whose method of semi-staging sketches the scene with light suggestions of action and with hints of costuming in the ladies' evening gowns, achieved in *Anna Bolena* a chamber-opera effect that was both convincing and stylish. The singers were exceedingly good. Miss Davy, it is true, showed herself insecure in the coloratura techniques. Her voice is transparent and extremely beautiful but, because it is not really proper for the role, she was forced to proceed carefully in the coloratura moments. She is a sensitive singer, though, and the main body of her performance was pure-toned and deeply musical. Miss Simionato was ideally cast. Her powerful mezzo, when used as it was (sometimes unnecessarily) at full volume, tended to acquire a coarse edge. But this was the only fault I observed in her performance, and I suspect she was overestimating the acoustical depth of Town Hall as well as striving for an impressive New York debut. Kenneth Smith, David Smith and Richard Cassily sang cleanly, and, in the case of the first Mr. Smith, with remarkable force and polish. Even the small, compact choruses were effective, and the orchestra, under Arnold Gamson's direction, sounded forth with admirable finesse. There was a hint of shady woodwind intonation from time to time, but nothing else for complaint.

TO AND ON OTHER INTELLECTUAL POETS ON READING THAT THE U.S.A.F. HAD SENT A TEAM OF SCIENTISTS TO AFRICA TO LEARN WHY GIRAFFES DO NOT BLACK OUT

Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher.
— Baudelaire

You an' me, bister, been giraffes—
equipped with them outside
terrential necks which when it comes
to trees can munch the tops of
and when it comes to telegraph lines
just snag right through them
But when it is merely a matter of browsing grass
has to can't
except they prop their
legs apart like a hasty whore
hoping to wind up work in time to catch
the 11:54
to her home in the Ramapos
or a pair of calipers attempting to describe
a circle too wide for itself to span
without spraining its furcal ligaments

And even how we keep
from blacking out
Science is still
scratching its pretty head about

RAMON GUTHRIE

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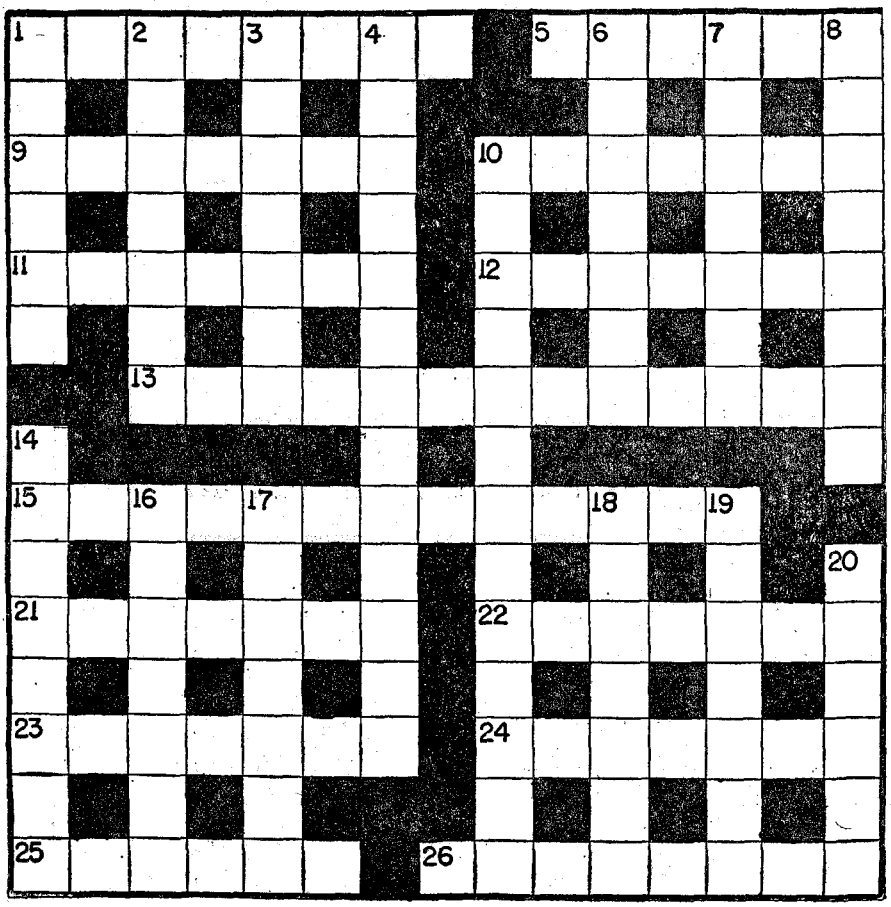
Crossword Puzzle No. 743

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Washington has seen many a broken bat, since they might also be made out of wood. (8)
5 Not very interesting legislation, which might simply imply a certain lack of spirit. (3, 3)
9 More likely to be obeyed by a tame animal and not exactly wild one. (3, 4)
10 Something between a chuckle and a snort. (7)
11 See 26 across
12 Worked like a young man, weary at heart. (7)
13 The way one might figure to make a big call early? (13)
15 Not the narcotics squad—but they also might have an arresting attitude. (7, 6)
21 Expedient. (7)
22 Small living quarters in a sort of dear environment, but it might make do. (7)
23 The sort a bee makes? (A cockney's might be receding.) (7)
24 You might need a pattern if you do. (7)
25 If used for transportation, there's no strike involved. (6)
26 and 11 Certainly a devilish contrivance! (8, 7)

DOWN:

1 It might support the work of the fourth estate. (6)
2 It cements angular fragments. (7)
3 The poet's twelve, it seems. (7)
4 Daisy's way of going places with a pair of pumps? (6, 7)
6 Knowing all the angles must have made the mob rich! (7)
7 Giving a strict construction of "all rite"? (7)
8 Weds, for example, shortly. Sat also with four others. (8)
10 Respectable in literature and science, but not always so in politics. (13)
14 Close intervals, but not found in the last measures. (8)
16 Loose words? (Glare at them, and give them a good shaking!) (2, 5)
17 Appropriate sort of 22, perhaps, though women are likely to stand for it. (7)
18 Fancy synonym? (7)
19 Entertain like the soldiers might, and overseas left out. (7)
20 The trial of Lord Ealing? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 742

ACROSS: 1 ADOLESCENT; 6 PROP; 10 BLUBBER; 11 ILLEGAL; 12 LAID; 13 ALLEGRETTO; 15 NOTICES; 16 EMANANT; 17 EMINENT; 20 CHERVIL; 22 HOMESTEADS; 23 TRIG; 25 SORROWS; 26 NUMBERS; 27 RULE; 28 ADVENTURES. DOWN: 1 AMBULANCE CHASER; 2 OCULIST; 3 EBBS; 4 CURDLES; 5 NAIVETE; 7 REGATTA; 8 PALEONTOLOGISTS; 9 FLORIATED; 14 ACCESSION; 18 IMMORAL; 19 TRESSED; 20 CADENCE; 21 VERMEER; 24 SMUT.

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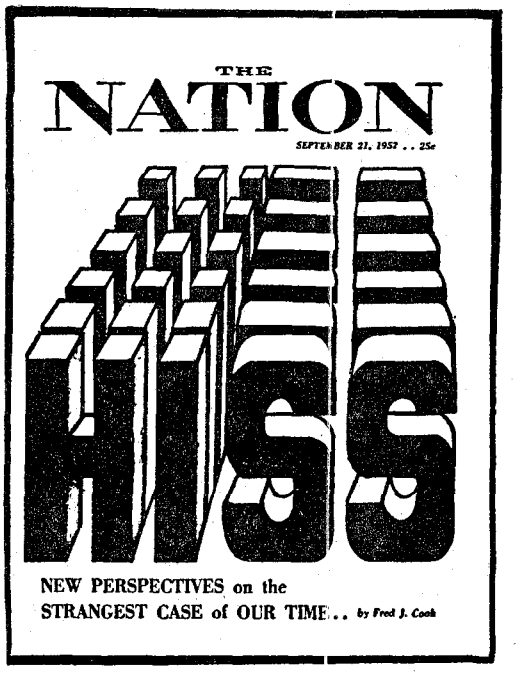

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